THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, June* 18, 1808. [No. 35.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 123.

SECRECY.

"*Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom!*"

IN the beautifully significant language, that is sacred to Scripture, the *Morasthite* prophet makes the christian church exhort her followers, "not to trust in a friend; nor put confidence in a guide," and then add as the strongest possible hyperbole, to express the utmost horror of corruption, "Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom!"

Hard task, indeed! Compared with this, what were all the penances enjoined of old, or a pilgrimage to the Holy Land? Men may bear the rack in silence, pass unmoved through fire and water, but the *ordeal of smiles* who can be proof against? The soldier may stand and be shot at; but what hero can brave the *battery of dimples?* Jaffier yielded only to Belvidera. Avarice may part with wealth; infamy endure scourging; human nature submit to the self mortifications of some sects, and the privations of all; but who is he that can *shut the mouth against beauty at her bosom?* "*Man dares do all that may become a man;*" but who *does this is none.* I should tremble for the cause of Christianity, if the cross were to be taken up only on these conditions. The *door-keeper* may be off his guard; and here, if the *goose cackle,* the capitol is lost.

An artful wife would soon find means to oil the hinge of these doors, and to lull the sentinel asleep. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* The secret would soon be detected. The doors would open of themselves, and the prisoner escape before the guard was aware.

But to pass

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe,"

deplorable indeed must be the condition of that couple, between whom the only *mutual flame* is that of distrust. Unless they can stifle this, they had best join in prayer to heaven, that it may soon *burn them out.* Life is but lingering death under such torment. The savage only can doom to death by gradual extinction from the force of fire. Better, like the Indian, prepare the pyre, and immolate the victim at once!

The legal consideration of husband and wife, as one person, is a just and striking exemplification of the moral force of the union. They should have one will; between them should be but one bosom, one repository of confidence.

This unity should be without end other than the period of life; but it has necessarily a beginning with the marriage ceremony. It

is obvious that neither party has a right to communicate to the other information, imparted in confidence before the nuptial connection. Distinction of persons is here obliged to be made to preserve the obligations of faith. The knowledge, you would impart, may indeed go no farther; but the principle is, you are bound not to carry it so far. Confidence is an *individual* pledge. You have no right to transfer the pledge without his consent, who placed it in your keeping. But it is to be hoped that no husband or wife would ever desire the knowledge of a secret, that could be gained only by a violation of confidence, or breach of trust. He could not be made more the husband by becoming less the man of honour, nor she the better wife by the evidence of less fidelity. As to all the facts then, which come within this description, the Wanderer can say to every man, without in the least degree profaning the hallowed intimacy of wedlock, *Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom!*

There is a *libertine* explication of the text, which the Wanderer would forbear to make, were not libertines so numerous, that what applies to them has a pretty general application. The original was indeed designed to admit no such explanation, as in the primitive times of simplicity and purity, in which it was written, there were, perhaps, no such characters, to whom it could have been addressed. But in this day of liberality and dissoluteness, many are the *Chesterfieldians*, who remind us, that the one that *lieth in the bosom*, may be other than a wife. The physician must approach the corruption he would cure. To make the exposition useful, the expositor is obliged to come near the unprincipled, and suffer latitude of construction to meet latitude of conduct. Not, however, to make the exposition useful to the individuals themselves; but to the numbers that may be affected by want of caution in some of them, who may happen to be considered *gentlemen of distinction*. Were the fate of the community not oftentimes involved in the cast, he should not attempt to control the fall of the die.

A project was once resolved on between Frederick the Great and two of his generals, which must inevitably have put the enemy completely in their power. It depended, however, for success essentially on secrecy, and was to be known only by those three. The moment for carrying it into execution arrived. It was ascertained that the enemy were apprised of the plot. The General, who was to have conducted it, rushed into the presence of his brother officer and the king, and cried aloud, "*One of us three is a traitor.*" They interchanged looks of astonishment. Frederick protested most solemnly on the honour of a soldier, that he had not disclosed the least syllable of the matter to any living being but *Madame* ———. "O, hadst thou but have kept," well might the officer have exclaimed, could he have commanded his temper, "*the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom!*" Turenne forgot his honour to Louis, in the lap of Madame Coetquen, and the conspiracy of Cataline was betrayed by Fulvia. Modern fine gentlemen, who have nothing of the Roman in their character, but his incontinence, are cautioned against committing to bosoms of impurity secrets of moment. Those who have surrendered their own honour at discre-

tion, cannot be presumed very discreet in preserving another's. The same imprudence, that disclosed a conspiracy against Rome, which Cicero only could quell, may prevent Rome's improving opportunities of advantage, which Cicero could not restore.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ALBERTO;

OR HOME REMEMBERED.

"Quand reverrai je en un jour
"Tous les objets de mon amour?"

WILL it be deemed wonderful, that a person accustomed almost exclusively to reside among strangers, should celebrate the pleasures of HOME? Such wonder, if it arise from want of reflection, will the sooner admit excuse; for innumerable events which may have befallen a wanderer, are not immediately noticed and examined. Parental affection and the scenes of youthful pastime produce impressions on a mind naturally contemplative and melancholy, which the power of time and the diversified pursuits of maturer life can never destroy. Ah no, never shall I forget that period of simplicity, while simple joys appear preferable in retrospect to the painful vicissitudes, which all are doomed to encounter, as they farther advance into a world of disappointment.

'And is this the unavoidable lot of human nature,' some child of inexperience may exclaim, 'is the path of existence, as you gloomily insinuate, pleasant only in its commencement? Is it ever afterward filled with thistles, briars, and thorns? Juvenile cheerfulness, I imagine, is not sufficiently credulous to be damped so easily. Were we not all made for happiness? And who shall counteract the design of Almighty Benevolence? No sorrowful countenance for me. The maxim of Horace shall be mine.—WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE*— so farewell to you and your discouraging intimation.'

Dear amiable youth, cherish your happy incredulity, nor let anticipation of approaching sorrow embitter a moment of present joy, for soon will time effect discoveries, which it may be impolitic to anticipate. Though all are exposed to infelicity, the allotment of some appears less unhappy than that of others, and by consequence you may be so fortunate as to enjoy a milder fate. But whatever you may imagine, or whatever your fate may eventually prove, REMEMBER ALBERTO!

ALBERTO passed his earlier years in deep seclusion. His father cultivated his talents in private; but at a suitable age sent him to a neighbouring academy. The noble attachment to literary pursuits, which commenced under the tuition of his father, and became strengthened at this seminary, was irreversibly fixed by his uncommon advancement at our best New-England university; and having an inextinguishable desire of travelling, he left at seventeen this land of his adoption, resolving to visit the principal cities of Europe, to observe their manners and customs, and thus to emancipate his mind from prejudice of country and education. His only parent, who on account of domestic misfortune had twelve years before emigrated from Italy, was now enjoying a happy competence on the banks of the Merrimac, and with enthusiasm looked forward to the moment,

* "Dum vivimus vivamus."

when having accomplished the purposes of his tour, his son should return with his views enlarged, his affection undiminished, and his purity uncontaminated.

On the eve preceding his departure, Alberto seemed extremely dejected, and to express his love for home, sung with exquisite pathos an appropriate little air, the unaffected simplicity of which melted us into tears. It was *my native Home*, from *the pupil of nature*.

Next morning my friend embarked. I call him my friend, for although considerably older than myself, he was one of my earliest associates, and his virtues and misfortunes claim this recital from a kindred spirit.

Having travelled over the continent of Europe four years, Alberto was one night impressed on board a war-ship, as he was preparing to return, and in defiance of law and justice was forcibly detained. After various adventures and turns of fortune, having been aboard upwards of five years, he embraced an opportunity of escaping, when hope had nearly expired. It was the first that had presented itself. He leapt overboard by night, as the ship lay off at anchor, and after swimming three hours under a clouded moon, gained an American vessel, which he had wishfully surveyed for several days.

He was almost exhausted, when he swam along-side. The sailors saw and joyfully received him. He sailed with them the ensuing day, and after a tempestuous passage landed at New-York in a very precarious state of health, having far advanced in a consumption, which the deathlike chill of his escape had not occasioned, but confirmed. Possessing about fifteen guineas, which he had with much difficulty retained, he hastened his journey homeward in a publick stage. He had received neither letter nor intelligence during the five years of his captivity.—He was now revisiting the mansion of his youth, and was soon to experience those assiduities of affection, that once charmed his existence. How his heart throbbed! How it bounded with the delightful idea! His sufferings and indisposition were for the moment annihilated.

The sun had set when he arrived. His buoyant hopes soon sunk in despair, for instead of his home of comfort, mouldering ruins met his view. Oh what a reverse, what a heart-piercing disappointment! Every charm and endearment of domestic pleasure had vanished. His father, who had been drowned in attempting to save a boy that overset his boat in the river, now reposed in the grave, and his whole property diminished by the expence of emigrating, and by the education and travels of his son, was barely sufficient for payment of debts. His house having caught fire in his absence, was nearly consumed before it could be extinguished. The only remaining room was occupied by a fisherman and his miserable family.

The summer friends of Alberto were unable or unwilling to recognize an indigent acquaintance. They passed by on the other side. The orphan-wanderer stood alone in the world. A favorite old spaniel, left by his father and still kept by the fisherman, alone remained faithful and true; he welcomed him at the door of the ruins, fawned upon his feet, and "howled with ecstasy." The fisherman and his family, although poor and miserable, treated him with distinguished hospitality and kindness

but the shock which he had received was too violent for his present weakness; it deprived him of reason for a considerable time. He however had a temporary recovery, which was too flattering to the Samaritan that compassionated his fate. But he was fully sensible of his situation.

Anticipating his dissolution, he one evening when I visited the ruins, invited me to accompany him in a walk by the river-side. With pleasure I complied.

It was an autumnal evening, of which the present forcibly reminds me, when the fading face of nature inspires a reflective disposition. A full moon arising, silvered the surrounding scenery with the mild influence of her light. For a long while we were absorbed in a silent reverie; but a view of the moon gleaming on the water, a hollow murmur in the distant woods, and the melody of instrumental music, which seemed to fluctuate with moonbeams over the waves, gradually recalled our wandering senses. Alberto addressed me. 'My friend, for many years I have been an unfortunate wanderer, but the expectation of returning to my endeared father in some measure alleviated the weight of woe. The observation is not less common than true, that happiness is seldom correctly estimated in fruition; but when for ever departed is remembered with increasing fondness. Often amid my wanderings, when afar from the hearth of home; often has remembrance of our village amusement afforded an incommunicable gratification. Every word of admonition lost its severity, and was recollected only as an inducement to laudable behaviour; every little incident, a lively or plaintive song, a serious or witty remark, and a thousand nameless diversions sweetened the memory of home, and in reality awakened the mysterious joy of grief.

'Arrested by these sadly-pleasing reflections, how often have I resolved to stray no more, no more to regard the airy phantom which delusive ambition bade me pursue, nor explore with insatiable curiosity the regions of knowledge or wealth; but to return to my father, and to taste in the tranquillity of home that mental satisfaction, which is rarely known beyond its hallowed limit. Disastrous occurrences impelled, or more alluring prospects beckoned me forward, without intermission. But I have at last returned. My purposes are broken off—my fondest hopes are frustrated—my feeble frame and languid pulse indicate approaching death. The will of Heaven be done.'

He paused to suppress the anguish of memory.

I entreated him not to indulge this afflictive presage, but rather to expect a gradual restoration. He answered with a melancholy smile, mingled with heavenly hope, while a flash of wildness illumined his features.

'I know my situation to be dangerous, but am perfectly resigned. Though frail nature may shudder at the thought of death, still the assurance of eternal blessedness banishes every intrusive anxiety. I cannot live alone; I ardently wish to rejoin my connections in a happier world. Yonder firmament separates us but little from the undiscovered mysteries of Deity.

We now arrived at the tomb-stone of his father. 'O, my friend,' said Alberto, 'call to mind that passage of your admired

and admirable poet. I have realized its truth.'

" What is the lot
Assigned to mortal man? Born but to drag
Through life's long pilgrimage the wearying load
Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
Assailed by all the numerous train of ills,
That flesh inherits; till at length worn out—
This is his consummation!"

'Here,' added he, 'I indulge the luxury of grief. The scene is congenial. It seems the very threshold of eternity. I have led you hither for a particular purpose. As you are the only person, who appears much interested in the welfare of a dying stranger, I request you to oversee my interment. Place me here by the side of my father. Here will end my earth; here will commence my heaven!'

Alberto survived several weeks. He frequently repeated the walk.

Their happy spirits are now reunited above, while their bodies mingle with the same dust beneath. Alberto expired amid the ruins of Home.

ARIOSTO.

Oct. 1805.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

GARRICK.

THE witlings, who are in the habit of comparing every actor at all uncommon with Garrick, know nothing of Garrick, or they would never dare hazard the comparison. " I well remember," says Dr. Beattie, " and I think I can never forget, how he once affected me in Macbeth, and made me almost throw myself over the front seat of the two shilling gallery. I wish I had another opportunity of risking my neck and nerves in the same cause. *To fall by the hands of Garrick and Shakespeare* would ennoble my memory to all generations: To be serious, if all actors were like this one, I do not believe it would be possible for a person of sensibility to outlive the representation of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth*: which by the bye, seems to suggest a reason for the mixture of comedy and tragedy, of which our great poet was so fond, and which the Frenchified critics think such an intolerable outrage both against nature and decency. Against nature it is no outrage at all: the inferior officers of a court know little of what passes among kings and statesmen; and may be very merry when their superiors are very sad; and if so, the Porter's soliloquy in Macbeth may be a very just imitation of nature. And I can never accuse of indecency the man who, by the introduction of a little unexpected merriment, saves me from a disordered head or a broken heart. If Shakespeare knew his own powers, he must have seen the necessity of tempering his tragic rage by a mixture of comic ridicule; otherwise there was some danger of his running into greater excesses than deer-stealing, and sporting with the lives of all the people of taste in these realms."

IDLENESS.

Bishop Taylor once told a lady of his acquaintance, who was neglectful of the education of her son, " Madam, if you do not choose to fill your boy's head with something, believe me, the devil will. The Spanish proverb has it, " The devil tempts every man, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.

CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.

Celibacy, says this eloquent prelate, *like the fly in the heart of an apple*, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; *but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity*. But marriage, like the *useful bee*, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, keeps order and exercises many virtues, hath the labour of love and the delicacies of friendship.

A man and woman one night in a most violent storm, knocked pretty sturdily at Swift's door, and at length roused the Dean from his slumbers. He rose, and throwing up the sash of his chamber window, asked, what they could want? They answered, they wanted to be married immediately, and had called for that purpose. "No;" but says the Dean, "can't you wait till morning. It is now one o'clock." They stated some urgent reason for proceeding without delay. The Dean found it in vain to parley. "Well," said the Dean, still keeping his head out of the window and talking with the bride and bridegroom in the street, "if it must be so, I'll marry you now. Attend!"

Under this window in stormy weather,
To join this man and woman together;
Let none but HE, who made the thunder,
Ever put this man and woman asunder.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

King William the 3d, on his arrival in England, told Sergeant Maynard not very politely, that he had outlived all the great Lawyers of his time. "Sir," replied the Sergeant, "I should have outlived the law *itself*, if your Majesty had not come hither."

"George the 1st, when congratulated on being the Sovereign of England and Hanover, replied; rather congratulate me on having such a subject as Newton, in one, and such a subject as Leibnitz, in the other."

Lord Bottetourt, in passing through Gloucester, soon after the cider tax, in which he had taken a part, that was not very popular there, observed *himself burning in effigy*. He stopped his coach, and giving a purse of guineas to the mob that surrounded the fire, said, "Pray, gentlemen, if you will burn me, at least do me the favour to burn me like a gentleman. Do not let me linger: I see that you have not faggots enough." This good-humoured and ready speech appeased the fury of the people immediately. They gave him three cheers, and permitted him to proceed without molestation.

PETRARCH.

The general reading of Mrs. Dobson's life of Petrarch, has made it fashionable to believe, that this great man was very violently in love with Laura, and that as long as he lived, he lived principally to whine sonnets to his mistress' eye-brow. But there is evidence to the contrary, both direct and presumptive. The direct evidence may be found by recurrence to his own life, written by himself in Latin, and prefixed to the edition of his works, printed in 1554. The substance of what he there says has been thus given. "In my youth, I was violently in love; but it was only once; and the passion was honourable or virtuous; and would have continued longer if the flame *already decaying* had not been *extinguished* by a death. *Before I was*

forty, I had banished from my mind every idea of love as effectually, as if I had never seen a woman."

Doubts too on this subject may be excited by consulting Hieronymo Squarzafichi's life of him, written in Latin, and prefixed to the same edition of his works.

"The presumptive evidence is founded on the very laborious life which he must have led in the pursuits of literature. His youth was employed in study, at a time when study was extremely difficult, on account of the scarcity of books and of teachers. He became the most learned man of his time; and to his labour in transcribing several ancient authors, with his own hand, we are indebted for their preservation. His works, in my edition of them, fill 1445 folio pages, closely printed; of which the Italian Sonnets are not more than a twentieth part: the rest being Latin Essays, Dialogues, &c. and an epic poem in Latin verse, called "Africa," as long as "Paradise Lost." His retirement at Vaucluse, (which in Latin he calls Clausa) was by no means devoted to love and Laura. "There," says he, in the account of his life above mentioned, "almost all the works I ever published were completed, or "begun, or planned: and they were so many," these are his words, "that even to these years they employ and fatigue me." In a word, Petrarch wrote more than Icould transcribe in twenty years; and more than I think he could have composed, though he had studied without intermission, in forty. Can it be believed, that a man of extreme sensibility, pining, from twenty-five to the end of his life, in hopeless love, could be so zealous a student, and so voluminous a writer?"

It should be remembered besides that Mrs. Dobson's life is translated from the *French*.

JUNIUS AND POETICASTOS.

As the correspondence between Junius and Poeticastos is not inserted in Junius' own edition of his works, and is extremely interesting to every lover of this *Genius without a name*, we are tempted to extract it for the pleasure of our readers. The letter signed Hector, has as much point as any in the collection of Junius. It is undoubtedly *genuine*. Though he has not given it his own name, it is still his own child. It has such a striking family likeness, its father is seen in its face.

A MONODY; OR THE TEARS OF SEDITION ON THE DEATH OF JUNIUS.

Quis tibi Silure furor?

And are those periods fill'd with tuneful eare,
Those thoughts, which gleam'd with Ciceronian ore,
Are they, my Junius, pass'd like vulgar air,
Droop'd is thy plume, to rise on fame no more?
Thy plume! it was the harp of song and prose;
Oft have its numbers sooth'd the felon ear,
Oft to its tune my Wilkite heroes rose
With couch'd tobacco pipes in act to spout.
Where now shall stormy Clodius and his crew,
My dear assembly to the midnight hour
Ah! where acquire a trumpeter? since you
No more shall rouse them with your classic power.
Accurs'd *Silenus, blasted be thy wing
That grey Scotch wing, which led the unerring dart!
In virtue's cause could all that's satisfying
A bosom with corruption's poison fraught
Impossible! then hear me fiends of hell
This dark event, this mystery unfold

* *A writer opposed to Wilkes.*

Poison'd was Junius? No, "*Alas, he fell,*
Midst arrows dipp'd in ministerial gold."
Then hear me, rioters of my command!
Condemn the villain to a traitor's doom;
Let none but faithful knaves adorn my band;
Go, sink this character into his tomb!

Here sunk an essayist of dubious name,
Whose tinsel'd page on airy cadence run,
Friendless with party—noted without fame,
Virtue and vice disclaim'd him as a son.

POETICASTOS.

This little piece produced the following remarkable explanation.

"TO POETICASTOS.

"The monody on the supposed death of Junius is not less poetical for being founded on a fiction. In some parts of it, there is a promise of genius, that deserves to be encouraged. My letter of Monday [Apr. 10,] will, I hope, convince the author, that I am neither a partisan of Mr. Wilkes, nor yet bought off by the ministry. It is true I have refused offers, which a more prudent or a more interested man would have accepted. Whether it be simplicity or virtue in me, I can only affirm, that I am in earnest; because I am convinced, as far as my understanding is capable of judging, that the present ministry is driving this country to destruction; and you, I think, Sir, may be satisfied that my rank and fortune place me above a common bribe.

JUNIUS."

"A CARD.—TO JUNIUS.

"Poeticastos presents his compliments to Junius and is glad to understand from so celebrated a judge of the beautiful and sublime, that there is "a promise of genius" in his monody. He could wish that it were in his power, either as a man of taste or honor, to pay Junius any return of praise; as the motive and manner of the essayist deprive Poeticastos of this power, he must take the liberty of cautioning him never to expose himself so far again, as to make a line of doggerel the supposed cause of announcing his fictitious importance to the public.

"If Junius dares to be sincere, instead of being in earnest, let him point out the destruction to which the ministers are driving this country in a more rational and dignified manner, than that ill-bred and cowardly method in which he would stain the personal honor of the ministers, without being able to detract from the propriety of his measures.

"Let him not hint at the offers which he had not the prudence to accept—let him publish them particularly and expressly. Let him not ask an uncommon bribe, on account of his supposed rank and fortune, or assert in childish terms, that he is not a partisan of Mr. Wilkes; but let the spirit of his writing shew, that he is neither a hungry traducer of the merits of character, nor the hireling of the most contemptible of parties. Poeticastos will then, and not till then have so favorable an idea of Junius as to give him some credit—he will perhaps offer him some more poetical compositions, and be desirous of a personal acquaintance with a reformed or undeceived imitator of Tully."

"TO JUNIUS.

"I always suspected your modesty. You have now convinced me of your cowardice. Unable and afraid to answer a charge of dishonor brought publickly against you in the language of resolution, you now begin to crow over the infirmities of a man confessedly incapable of chastising your inso-

lence in any respect. Is, Sir, the public to be amused any longer with your scandalous impositions? or how dare you pretend after swallowing a lie, like a scoundrel, to appear again before the world, as if you could merit attention? But you would offer the judgment of the nation a more glaring affront; you would give a blustering air of resolution to the timid baseness of your heart, by daring to speak treason in a manner that you are sure of escaping. To day you conclude your despicable vindication of an honor, which you do not possess, by asserting, "that you are a master in the art of representing the treachery of the minister or the abused simplicity of a ——." Villain! of whom! Dare to fill the blank! But you say it is unnecessary.—Every man in the kingdom understands you. If they do, I appeal to them, what punishment you merit; and if the law will not inflict it, I will, if you have the least shadow of sensibility. *You, who write under the name of Junius, are a base scoundrel; you lie, and you may find out who gives you the lie.* If you dare to appear in this paper again without an apology for your conduct, I will convince you, I am not ignorant of your person and residence.

POETICASTOS."

To this several answers appeared, but the following bears the name of Hector, but the true spirit of Junius.

"TO POETICASTOS.

"Sir,

"Poeticastos in his letter to Junius is in such a violent rage, that he forgets to sign his *real* name. The BLOOD AND THUNDER, the STORMING, RANTING, and BLUSTERING in his short epistle, could have come from none but Drawcansir himself. He grows ravin mad at the following extrac which he quotes from Junius's le ter, viz. "That he is a master the art of representing the treac ery of a minister, and the abus simplicity of a ——;" and th follows *villain*, and in so ambiguo a manner, that many readers are doubt, whether it is not intended fill up the ——, and to prepare t challenge, that follows. Now, S whether Drawcansir intended it not, or whether Junius will acce his challenge or not, I am dete mined to meet him whenever chooses it; and if he is a *Scotchm* I will smother him in his o brimstone; if a *Welshman*, hur sh eat hur own leeks; if *Irish*, shall chew potatoes from the mou of my pistols; and for this in mous way of *filling up the blanks Junius's* letter, he shall *no longer another blank in the creation.*

HECTOR.

There was a lady of the we country that gave a great ente tainment at her house to most the gallant gentlemen thereabou and among others sir Walter R eigh. This lady, though otherw a stately dame, was a notable go housewife; and in the morning b times she called to one of h maids that looked to the swine, a asked, "Are the pigs served Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber w close to the lady's. A little b fore dinner the lady came do in great state into the great cha ber, which was full of gentleme and as soon as sir Walter cast eye upon her, "Madam," said "are the pigs served?" The dy answerd, "You know b whether you have had *your bre fast.*"

INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals are issued at Philadelphia, for ublishing "Pike's expeditions to the urces of the Missisippi, and through Western parts of Louisiana, to the urces of the Ousage, Arkensaw, Kans, La te, and other rivers,"—Performed by ers of the government of the United tes, during the year 1805, 1806, and 1807. Also, a tour through the internal parts New Spain, when conducted through se provinces by order of the Captain neral, in the year 1807.

This work will be prepared for the ss by Major Z. M. Pike. It will be ided into three parts, but comprised in volume, large octavo.

NOTICE.

The EMBARGO, a Satire. This is really ery pretty performance, and a striking ance of precocity of talents. For a h of thirteen it is an extraordinary duction. For proof take the following.

——See, *faction* urge her claim,
ead with falshood and with zeal in-
flame! [wide,
her broad banner, spread her empire
And stalk triumphant with a fury's stride!
She blows her *brazen trump*, and at the sound,
A motley throng obedient flock around;
A mist of changing hue o'er all she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALONZO is informed that the lines adverted to were recently handed us by the editors of the Old Establishment. The curiosity of a father as to the fate of his offspring can never be impertinent.

Our friends will excuse the liberties we take with their compositions. We are obliged to adopt the motto of Hermes; *Brevis esse laboro.*

ARIOSTO has our thanks for past favours and hopes of future.

Where are our Poets? *Inter arma silent Musæ.* The very rumours of war seem to silence the voice of the Muses.

Such thy sad trophies, War! by thee
dismay'd
The clasic graces fly their cherish'd shade,
Oft their bright train, ere yet the war arise;
E'en from its *distant rumour* shrinks and flies.
So ere it touch the steel, the solar ray
Plays off from its keen edge, and glides away.

POETRY.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

BY AKENSIDE.

W thick the shades of evening close!
pale the sky with weight of snows!
e, light the tapers, urge the fire,
bid the joyless day retire!
Alas, in vain I try within
righten the dejected scene,
e rous'd by grief these fiery pains
the frail texture of my veins;
e winter's voice, that storms around,
yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
w my mind's oppressive gloom,
tarting horror shakes the room.
here in nature no kind power
othe affliction's lonely hour?
lunt the edge of dire disease,
teach these wint'ry shades to please?
, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
through the hovering cloud of care:
eet of language, mild of mien,
tue's friend and pleasure's queen,
ge the flames that burn my breast,
ose my jarring thoughts to rest;
while the gracious gifts I feel,
ong shall all thy praise reveal!

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and
flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms con-
fess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.
Thou, Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,

Whatever fretful passions springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again:
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Lesbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And soothe to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By E. G. House, No. 5, Court Street